'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument,
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc.

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria telus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat Priami* take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis* dispaire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iarres.
Luc. How fierie and forward our pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beliene, yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
Hort. You may go walke, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musition groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectuall,